Aunt Amanda

By JANE OSBORN

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When the other girls of her age were sitting out on verandas in the company of their rustic sweethearts on summer evenings, Laura Perkins was sitting indoors beside the living-room lamp, intent on getting her mending done for all those little Perkinses to whom she played the role of big sister and mother combined. It was not that Farmer Perkins was any less prosperous than the other farmers, but it would have gone against the grain to pay out money to have this work done when Laura could do it just as well. In the meantime Laura didn't get "any young company." In fact, she never did get any, and it was not until at the age of twenty-five, when Farmer Perkins decided to ask Widow Rollins, down the road, to share his fireside and Widow Rollins accepted, that Laura ever had any chance for the pleasure and flirtation that she had missed in her girlhood.

But she had for too long been tied to the duties of the kitchen and the mending basket to take very gracefully to the art of finding a suitor then—for obviously the only thing left for Laura to do now was to marry and get a home of her own. "Of course, I want to have a place where I can do my own cooking and all," Laura would explain, "but I don't know as I want to get a man just to make crullers for him." But the truth was that there was a man that Laura would have been quite willing to cook and mend for for the rest of her life had he been disposed to ask her to accept his hand. This was Widow Rollins' son, who, when that lady came to marry Farmer Perkins, naturally was squeezed into the Perkins farmhouse to live.

"She's a real nice girl," the mother had remarked to her son in confidence. "But she's got such a lot of notions. Did you hear her carrying on about that Aunt Amanda cruller set? You know some of the women around here got the outfit. Laura was one of them. It has the cutter and a special rolling pin and the kettle and the basket for the crullers while they are in the hot fat. Well, there are one or two things about it that Laura didn't like. The basket doesn't slip into the kettle just the way she wants it to. So she gets to looking at the picture of Aunt Amanda on the package, and she makes up her mind she has got to see her. It never occurs to her that maybe there isn't any Aunt Amanda, that maybe it is just a picture on the box cover."

Edward Rollins had listened without any great interest. His mother always changed the subject in that way. He had wanted to talk of Laura, but his mother apparently preferred to talk about cruller sets. He had wanted to sound his mother on a subject that lay near his heart. He was twenty-six, just starting out for himself in the hardware business, with all that he owned in the world invested in stocks of nummers and nails and carving knives and wash boilers—an endless variety of equipment for the farmer and his wife. It was quite out of the question now to ask Laura to marry him, if that involved making a home for her. What Edward had hoped was that for the present his mother and Laura's father might let them board in the old Perkins farmhouse. But Edward, always somewhat in awe of his mother, never got to the point of asking, and not having asked and received her consent he never got to that further point of asking Laura to be his wife.

Laura was twenty-five that autumn after her father's marriage, when she went off to the city to make her own living. And Laura herself seemed to be the only one in the community who didn't realize that, with no special education or training save that of a housewife and no special talent or aptitude save considerable good sense, the future was not very promising for her.

"Seems as if the only thing she can do is to be somebody's hired girl," quoth the new Mrs. Perkins for the benefit of her son and her husband, both of whom winced under this remark.

Then old father Perkins died and Laura came home to the funeral; was gone back to the city and no one was the wiser concerning her mode of making a living. If truth must be told a rift came in the Perkins-Rollins household, in part due no doubt to the settlement of Mr. Perkins' estate. At all events those of the Perkins brood who kept in touch with Laura did not enjoy Mrs. Rollins' good will. They moved away and Laura was no more heard of.

In five years the hardware business as carried on by Edward Rollins had prospered to the point where he was in a position to settle down in life on his own, and as his mother, the present Widow Perkins, had now under consideration an alliance with old Deacon Bradshaw, a union of which her son did not approve, she was anxious enough for her son to marry.

Edward was not lacking in friends among the younger girls of the village who might conceivably look with much favor upon his suit.

"And remember, Edward," the mother laughed one day when she had called at his store, "you once had me worried for fear you'd marry that carrot-haired Laura. I don't suppose you have ever given her a second thought."

"I wonder what ever became of her," said Edward, and it was not the first time that this question had occurred to him.

"It was funny," mused the mother. "Said she was going to see Aunt Amanda; she thought it was a real Aunt Amanda that put out those cruller sets. So I suppose she went and looked up those Aunt Amanda people in the city and made a fool of herself."

"As far as that goes, there really is an Aunt Amanda," Edward Rollins told his mother, "and she is pushing those doughnut cookers for all they are worth. She is on the road selling them, too. Just got a circular letter from the firm today, saying that 'Aunt Amanda' had started this way, and would be here with the improved doughnut cooker besides five or six other special cooking utensils."

"Well, I'll bet that isn't her real name; I'll bet . . ."

But Mrs. Rollins never told her son just what she would bet, for she was interrupted by his clerk just then to say that "Aunt Amanda" had arrived.

And Aunt Amanda was none other than Laura Perkins. "I didn't want to come here when I knew how you and your mother had felt since father died," she said. "But your store was on the list, and I didn't want to refuse to stop."

So that is how Laura Perkins at thirty—a well-dressed, debonnaire Laura that hardly anyone recognized save Edward Rollins—came back to the home of her childhood.

"I went right to the Aunt Amanda people," she told Edward. "I must have been a scream. I insisted that there was an Aunt Amanda and that I had something to tell her about how she could improve her cruller cooker. I saw the president of the concern, and he told me I could be Aunt Amanda if I wanted to, and started me in right away. All the assets I had was some good common sense and a lot of enthusiasm."

"You must have made a big success," suggested Edward, fearful lest just this success would stand in his way in the plan he had in his heart to propose.

"Yes, I suppose you'd say so," said Laura. "I'm secretary of the concern now, with a good bit of stock. Then I get royalties—these new specialties are my inventions. They are things I worked out back in father's kitchen before he was married. The royalties and the interest will go on."

She stopped short, looked at Edward, and both blushed.

"Maybe so," Edward found courage to say. "But the road job won't, Laura; I'm going to marry you."

And that is how it happened that "Aunt Amanda" never went on another sales trip, but that within a few months the letterhead paper of the thriving Aunt Amanda company showed the name of Edward Rollins instead of Laura Perkins printed after "Secretary."

EXPLAINED THE WHOLE THING

Johnson's Presence in That Extremely Uncomfortable Coal Hole Satisfactorily Accounted For.

Strolling along the quiet side street without paying sufficient attention, Johnson slipped through an open coal chute in the pavement and remained a prisoner there for nearly half an hour.

Presently his face lighted up with hope as an elderly gentleman came sedately toward him.

"Dear me!" exclaimed the newcomer as he adjusted his glasses and stared at Johnson in wonder. "Have you fallen through the coal hole?"

A murderous glare shone for a second in the victim's weary eyes; then he smiled sardonically.

"You mistake, sir," he replied. "As you seem to be interested in the matter, I am ready to inform you as to what exactly has happened. I just chanced to be in here when the road was made and they built the pavement round me."

Changing Musical Pitch.

The pitch of reed and other wind instruments of music can be varied like that of stringed instruments, but a late paper to the New York Physical society pointed out that the usual explanation that this is due to hard and soft blowing is insufficient. The cavities of mouth and throat extend the vibrating air column, and altering their size and shape changes the pitch.

HEALTHY PEOPLE LOVE COLOR

Repression of That Feeling, Too Common Among Americans, Declared to Be a Mistake.

If one is to believe Constantin Guys, a love of color is a sign of excellent health morally and physically. He writes in Arts and Decorations.

The movement initiated by the Russians to rescue our color sense from the shadow stage of the Victorian era had an invigorating influence on the color elements in dress.

Boris Anisfeld made his colors shout like a choir of trumpets in a superorchestra — the colossal orchestra dreamed of by Beethoven for his unfinished Tenth symphony. Bakst followed with a wedding of scenery and costume in a magic ensemble.

Too often this revival of color has been accompanied by a sacrifice of architectural beauty, but in the best work of Bakst his "Daphnis Ballet," for example, there is a happy blending of the decorative and the pictorial. The mid-Victorian costumes for this Schumann fantasy are a model for the dress designer.

A healthy people loves color. Americans, with a sense of humor and love of life, have too often in the past repressed their natural desire for robust color, lest they be charged with levity or bad taste. Only in her outdoor moods does the American girl reveal her buoyancy in areas of radiant color. In the cities we are too subdued. Matrons seek an asylum in deadly blacks, forgetting that there is no color like gray for maturing years. This restraint has had one compensation, however, since it has discouraged the crude and the vulgar.

Where It Belonged

Three-year-old Walter received his first boy's cap the other day. His Uncle John put it on one side of his head so that the bill was turned toward one ear. Then he carried Walter to the mirror. But the little fellow didn't like the effect. He began to twist the cap so that the bill would be in front.

"I want the peach over my face," he explained to his uncle.

An Accessory.

"The hip girdle is arranged in a variety of ways," writes Helen Koues in Good Housekeeping Magazine. "Crossing the back, it may droop a bit in front where it is tied once or it may be lifted a trifle, the two ends falling from a jeweled ornament. The girdle may be wide, swathing the hips closely, or it may be a mere three-inch-wide fold of serge finished on the ends with beads. Recently, at the races, a smart, straight frock of blue serge, with many crosswise seams by way of trimming, was loosely belted at the hips with a narrow, buckled strap of leather."

What Paris Designers Say.

Paris designers say that the new silhouette will show a low waist slim hip line, and a skirt with a flare from the knees to the hem.

To Make Transparent Wraps.

Nets and veilings, as well as chiffons, are used to make transparent wraps.

The Directoire Note in Coats

Coats are among the first clothes that we buy for autumn. There are several reasons for getting these early in the season. We can wear them over our summer dresses and start the season with cloth frocks left over from spring if we have a good-looking coat. Then, too, the rashions in coats are settled earlier than they are in dresses. There is not the constant changing that there is in frocks. I do not mean, writes a Paris fashion correspondent, that there are not great changes in coats from one season to another, but that the styles in coats brought out early in the autumn carry through the entire winter.

This fall's topcoats are in line with the advanced style features seen in other articles of wearing apparel. Along with the oriental and Egyptian notes, which are being strongly featured in both current and advance fashion models, there is appearing another note fostered by several important houses. This is the Directoire.

Regarding the styles of this period there might be something in common between the psychology of 1920 in France and that of the closing years of the eighteenth century. The style of the Directoire period was patterned upon exaggerated classical outline and appealed to that new class of citizens recently come into power and wealth through France's changing political conditions. The Paris dressmaker today is catering to a similar class, those who have gained wealth and influence through the recent war.

Here is shown a cape mantle developed in a lightweight gray homespun and a serge coat with accordion plaiting at the sides and a vest with a high Directoire collar.

Mingle in New Models.

Society is not yet organized as it was before the war. Everything goes, as it were, in a hit-or-miss style. The Paris dressmaker, being forced to study the state of a new class of customers, vaguely reaches out for ideas around which to build models that will conform to this new standard in taste in dress. Just as the Directoire was a melange of classic and modern ideas, so today are fashions culminating in a mixture of orient and occident.

One of the most pronounced and striking features, which has already registered a success in Paris, is the high Directoire collar of organdie or crepe georgette, and even of plaited cloth. This historic form of neck dressing has been eagerly taken up by a few smart women and its success seems to be assured. These Directoire collars are seen as frequently on coats as they are on dresses. In fact, the Directoire is strongly emphasized in winter wraps.

Very smart in its aspect is the tailored coat developed in beautiful beaver shades of cloth, that strongly emphasizes the slim line of the Directoire. Such coats also have the high-mounting collar of that period. Directoire coats were brought out in midsummer developed in bright yellow linens, to wear over dresses of plaited white organdie made in semi-chemise form without a vestige of trimming. Only a narrow belt of organdie tied about the waist broke the straightness of their lines. These dresses were semi-decollete and had sleeves so short that they might almost have been said to be sleeveless. This type of costume took so well that it has been copied in heavier materials for autumn. The coats may be of cloth, lined with heavy silk crepe, and the dresses of the same material as the coat lining. It is a perfect costume for afternoon wear.

Deep Color Tones.

Very charming dresses in deep color tones are being made up in Directoire style. Among the new models shown by one French house are dark brown and rose-colored cloths made in a cross between the Directoire and the modern French dressmaker's interpretation of that period. One such model is developed in brown cloth with a high Directoire frill of ecru batiste.

A third interpretation of the Directoire is seen in three-piece suits developed in blue serge, with beautiful embroideries executed in metal nail-heads of iridescent colors. The skirts of these dresses have a one-side drapery, with a slashed opening at the side where the drapery falls. The coat shows the cutaway front and the long sides and back so characteristic of the Directoire period. There is considerable dignity in these suits and they are also of a type very becoming to the average American figure. A strong point in favor of the success of the Directoire is the fact that almost all women like the simplicity of line which characterizes it.

A coat with a novel vest having a Directoire collar is worked out in a lightweight serge, with accordion plaiting set on at a low hipline. This illustrates one of the methods of obtaining the long-waisted effect that has taken such a firm hold on all autumn coats. It appears in suit coats as well as separate wraps. A Reboux hat of the Breton sailor type is worn with the coat. Here the trimming, which takes the form of flat silk roses, is placed beneath the brim just over the right ear.

Lined With Brocaded Silk.

The feature of a popular form of mantle coat is the cape back, which is lined with a beautiful brocaded silk.

One of Premet's cape mantles is developed in lightweight gray homespun. The cape is very much shorter and cut to a point at the center back. The original model was made with the cape unlined.

The craze for plaiting as a trimming has set its mark on the autumn coats. There are very smart coats on which the trimming consists of inserted plaited bands surrounding the skirt in rows and of high-plaited collars of the cloth. Sometimes a vest of embossed leather is added. Then the high collar is of the leather.

Tobacco brown serge and soft undressed leather in soft, harmonizing shades of brown make a smart coat. One model shows the plaited trimming. It is one of the most popular coats in Paris. Soft brown wool is chosen for it, with organ-plaited bands of the material sewn flat. A smart-looking French woman who recently appeared in this coat wore with it a simple hat of an unusual shade. It was a cloche, pointed at the sides and trimmed only with a band and bow of ribbon. She also wore gauntlet gloves scalloped at the edge.

Ribbon Finds New Gayety.

Throughout all our current styles ribbons continue to display their bright shades. Hats are trimmed with ribbons in the form of the most exaggerated sort of loops and bows. It began with the plain ribbons, but these soon proved too tame for the taste of the present-day woman, so milliners began to offer hats decked with the gayest sort of ribbons with their surfaces embroidered in many bright colors as well as those of intricate weave displaying vari-colored surfaces.

Sash Is Popular.

The sash is the mode.

Black and White Look Good

Colors Provide Stunning Combination, Always Fashionable, Fine for Sport Wear.

Black and white combinations are always good looking, always fashionable and becoming to practically all women. In sports apparel black and white combinations are especially smart. The skirt in black and white check with black velveteen or wool fabric coat cannot help but be chic, especially if the entire costume is carried out in this color scheme. Even in bathing apparel the most vivid colorings pale into comparative insignificance when some fair mermaid or sandwitch puts in an appearance costumed in all black with just a tiny relieving touch of white, or vice versa.

In the display of sports apparel prepared for fall and winter, plaid and striped skirts with plain color coats are much in evidence. Plaid or striped skirts are also shown with velveteen or wool jersey smocks that slip over the head. A costume of this kind is an excellent selection for outdoor sports wear when the cool days arrive. During warm weather a coat or jacket that may be slipped off and on at will is best, but the slip-over-the-head garment, when the weather is such that it may be kept on without discomfort, is very snug and trim.

For the Week-End.

Correct clothes for a week-end will either make or mar its success, says a writer in Good Housekeeping Magazine. Although a cloth suit or tailored dress is the correct attire for traveling, custom permits the use of a dark silk dress or little dark voile frock in very hot weather. Foulards are particularly useful and cool, or a little voile dress is also suitable. The foulard dress could also be used for church on Sunday on a cool day. On a hot day a dotted swiss dress would be more appropriate.

DADDY'S EVENING FAIRY TALE

By MARY GRAHAM BONNER

LITTLE MISS FRY.

"A year ago," said Mr. Robin Red Breast, "there came into the world a little girl baby named Alison Gordon Fry. That was the name she was called and her mother and her daddy sent out lovely yellow cards to all their friends announcing the arrival of little Miss Fry.

"On each card there was a picture of some branches, and upon the branches was a daddy bird and a mother bird and a little baby bird, or birdling, as we would say.

"Now when people announce that a little baby girl or a baby boy has come into the world they don't usually put pictures of the birds at the top of the announcement cards. But it was different when little Alison Gordon Fry came into the world and I will tell you why it was different."

"Do tell us," said the little robins, "we'd love to hear."

"You see," said Mr. Robin Red Breast, "the mother and the daddy of little Alison Gordon Fry have always loved birds better than any other little creatures in the world. They know all about us, too.

"They come and look at us and see where we're living and how we've made our homes and how the young birds have mated and how many little eggs are being sat upon and how the little birdlings are watched over. They know us by sight and by sound and by name. They will listen very quietly for hours and hours to hear one of us sing who may be shy.

"They talk to others about us and make others learn to love us for they say that all who know us love us. They tell others of all the interesting things we do, of how we talk and of how we sing, of how we work and of how we play. They tell of the ones who are good housekeepers and good ones to go to market, of the ones who build the best nests and everything about us they tell.

"They say that if people know us they will love us too, and all they need is to know us. So they teach our ways and they go off to places where they know they will see many birds. As I said before, they love us deeply and they want others to love us too.

"If they were selfish they'd be satisfied that they knew us and our ways and that they knew we were interesting and that the different ways of different birds made a beautiful and interesting study.

"But they're not selfish. They want others to enjoy what they enjoy. They will sit on the piazza of their house and they will smile as they hear our different voices. They know us all, all of us! But, as I was telling you, a year ago little Alison Gordon Fry came into the world. She was very little, very young—all little babies are little just as all little birdlings are little.

"And she was helpless as all little birdlings are helpless, and she had to be shown what to do as birdlings have to be shown what to do. Instead of being in a little nest she was in a crib with soft white pillows and sheets and pink and white blankets and there were ribbons about the crib. All around the bird world it became known that little Alison Gordon Fry had arrived. Every bird chirped the glorious secret to every other bird, and what do you suppose we all did?"

"In a Crib."

"What?" asked the little robin.

"We all sang and gave the best concert we had ever given. Just ever and ever so many of us came and took part in that concert. It was a concert of welcome to the little girl baby who had come into the world where the birds sang. And we hear she is going to love us too—that now when she hears us sing she croons with delight!

"And now—as it is about time for her first birthday—we're giving another special concert. See! All the birds are coming! Now let us all sing and wish Alison Gordon Fry many happy returns of her first birthday."

Chickens Ready Made.

Little Betty went to visit her grandmother in the country. Just before dinnertime she discovered that chicken was to be the principal attraction.

"Oh, where'd you get the chicken, grandmother?" Betty asked, excitedly.

"In the chicken yard," the grandmother replied. "You remember the chickens you saw this morning, don't you?"

"Do you mean the ones I fed?"

"Certainly. Well, we killed one of them."

"Oh, did you? We buy our chickens ready made."—Indianapolis News.

In the Top Drawer.

A little boy, who was riding in a sleeping car for the first time, awoke during the night.

"Do you know where you are, Bobby?" asked his mother who was sharing the upper berth with him.

"Yes," said Bobby, "in the top drawer."

What the Boss Said.

Bookkeeper—What did the boss say when he had you on the carpet just now?

Office Boy—He told me to beat it.

Defying the Union.

"I understand Mrs. Grimm's cook left because she found the preserves were working."

"Was it her fault?"

"No, but they were working overtime."

His Position.

"Have you ever tried to love your enemies?"

"Yes; I can't do it."

"Why not?"

"I never had any pretty girl enemies."

OUR FEATURE SECTION

Department Devoted to Attractive Magazine Material

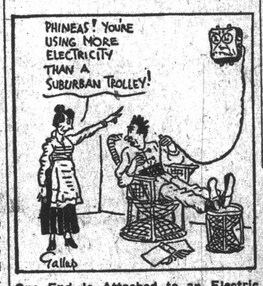
Rann-dom Reels

By HOWARD L. RANN

THE ELECTRIC BELT

THE electric belt is a substitute for the mustard plaster and can be removed without taking any of the patient with it.

From the earliest days of this republic the mustard plaster has been relied upon to extract shooting pains from the interior of man's anatomy. It was always applied by some faithful wife who mixed the plaster with her own hands, in order that there might be plenty of mustard therein, and all that a suffering husband had to do was allow the plaster to sit down on his stomach and draw the pain to the surface. It is an uncanny sensation to have a stout mustard plaster with long teeth grasp hold of a vital organ and maul it into a state of helpless submission, and many a patient has preferred to die with his cuticle intact rather than pass through such an ordeal.



One End Is Attached to an Electric Meter.

The electric belt, however, has forever done away with the mustard plaster and its murderous instincts. It is no more trouble to wear an electric belt than it is to make percolator coffee when everything is perking right. The belt is strung carelessly about the waist of the patient and one end is attached to an electric meter, which keeps a careful record of the current consumed and turns it into the head office at the end of the month. As soon as the meter begins to turn over and discharge kilowatts at the patient, a warm, restful feeling appears which increases in intensity until the patient glances at the meter.

When an electric belt is properly applied a sick person can turn over on his face and go to sleep without fear of having his backbone reduced to ashes. This cannot be said of the mustard plaster, which never knows when to stop its triumphant progress and is liable to cremate a sleepy patient right in the presence of his wife and children. The electric belt can be set so that it will operate at one mile per hour on high, but by a providential arrangement the speed of the meter is not affected.

(Copyright.)

TUBERCULOSIS

TUBERCULOSIS is caused by a living germ in the lungs. The body of a healthy person will resist its growth and may kill the germs, but in a weak body and without proper care the germs multiply until the lungs are consumed and the person dies.

These germs are found in the sputum (spit) of a consumptive—in small numbers in the very early stages of the disease, in larger numbers as the disease progresses, and in countless millions in the late stages.

Among the earlier symptoms which one can observe, and which should lead one at once to consult a physician, are: Slight cough, lasting a month or longer; loss of weight; slight fever in the afternoon; night sweats; bleeding from the lungs.

Many persons who have these early symptoms of tuberculosis lose valuable time, and often their only chance of recovery, by relying on the promises of patent medicine fakers and medical quacks. Don't take patent medicines and don't go to quack doctors who advertise that they cure tuberculosis by some method known only to themselves.

THE WOODS

UNKNOWN.

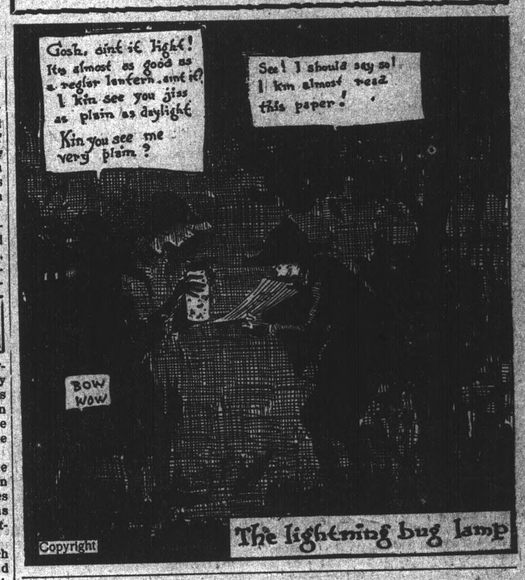
We deck the grave of him who came
back again to sleep;
But what of him unknown to fame for
whom the lonely weep?
Yea, what of him in unknown grave
unmarked by stone or tomb;
Shall over him no standard wave, no
springtime roses bloom?

Weep not, dear heart, for him who dies
beneath the Georgia pine;
He sleeps beneath more tender skies
than are these skies of thine,
And blossoms tremble o'er his head as
gentle and as fair—
The flowers above the unknown dead
his God has planted there.

And when the breeze, the Southern
breeze, the pine above him
swings
Of his beloved Northern trees a melody it sings—
Yea, like the roar of waves that sweep
upon an unseen shore,
He hears the sighing in his sleep
of cedars by his door.

(Copyright.)

SCHOOL DAYS


Gosh, ain't it light! Its almost as good as a regler lantern, ain't it? I kin see you jiss as plain as daylight. Kin you see me very plain?
See! I should say so! I kin almost read this paper!
BOW WOW
The lightning bug lamp
Copyright

MOTHER'S COOK BOOK by Nellie Maxwell

Innumerable men and women have seen the kettle boil, but it occurred to only one, that the force which lifted the lid might be confined and made to do human service. The man finds or makes his opportunities and in turn they help him. —Spaulding.

SELECTED GOOD THINGS.

When there is a little popped corn left try this wholesome dessert:

Popped Corn Pudding.

Scald three cupfuls of milk and pour over two cupfuls of popped corn which has been pounded until fine and let stand one hour. Add three eggs slightly beaten, one-half cupful of brown sugar, one tablespoonful of butter, three-fourths of a teaspoonful of salt and stir until well mixed. Turn into a well buttered baking dish and bake in a slow oven thirty-five minutes. Serve hot with thin cream or maple syrup.

Peach Whip.

Beat the whites of three eggs until stiff, add three tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar and beat to a glossy meringue. Peel half a dozen peaches and press through a sieve; gradually add this pulp to the meringue, beating all the time and sprinkling in one tablespoonful of lemon juice. Heap in tall glasses and serve at once.

Crisps.

Cream one cupful of butter, add gradually two cupfuls of sugar, three eggs beaten until light, the grated rind and juice of a lemon and flour to make a mixture to roll. Knead slightly, cut in shapes, brush with white of an egg, sprinkle with coarse granulated sugar and chopped nuts. Bake a light brown.

Baked Pears.

A delicious way of serving pears is to cut them in halves, core them, place in a baking pan with a generous sprinkling of sugar and half fill the pan with water. Cook slowly two hours in a moderate oven. Serve with sweetened whipped cream.

Velvet Sherbet.

Take the juice of six lemons, and the grated peel of two, soaked in the juice one-half hour. Add one cupful of sugar to each lemon, or sugar to taste; three pints of rich milk and turn into the freezer. The mixture will curdle but the freezing will make it smooth and velvety. Turn the freezer slowly at first.

Chess Cakes.

Put into a mixing bowl, one-half cupful of butter, add the grated rind of two oranges and one-half cupful of powdered sugar, one-half cupful of currants, one well beaten egg, two tablespoonfuls of grated coconut and half a dozen crumbled macaroons; mix the ingredients and pour into small patty tins lined with pastry. Bake fifteen minutes in a hot oven.

Cucumber Sauce.

Beat one-half cupful of heavy cream stiff, add a few grains of salt, cayenne to taste, two tablespoonfuls of malt vinegar, one medium sized cucumber grated and drained, season with the juice of an onion. This sauce is especially good to serve with fish.

Cherry Sherbet.

Take one pint can of cherries, drain and cut in small pieces. Add one cupful of water to the juice, cook five minutes and add a tablespoonful of gelatin that has been softened in a cupful of cold water. Add the cherries and four egg whites beaten stiff. Freeze and serve in glasses, garnished with candied cherries.

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MILITANT MARY
To raise ideals is just about the gamest stunt I KNOW—
You can't put fences round them AND FOLKS TRAMPLE ON THEM SO!
E. FitzHugh

Fortunate.

"Sure, it's Mike that's the lucky man."

"How's that?"

"Why, he just took out an insurance policy for $10,000 and the very next day he fell off the bridge and got drowned in the river."—American Legion Weekly.

Can't Be Done.

"One of the biggest problems," said Jud Tunkins, "is to make the average man enjoy doin' regular work as much as he does figurin' out puzzles."

ONE OF THE REQUIREMENTS.

That little boy of yours is a great talker.

Yes, indeed. He ought to make a great insurance agent when he grows up.

In the last 16 months Italy imported more than 2,000,000 tons of American coal.

Last Night's Dreams —What They Mean

DID YOU DREAM OF ACTORS?

SOMETIMES in our excursions into Dreamland we find ourselves in the company of actors or actresses, or both; not seeing them play but conversing with them. This the mystics regard as a very favorable omen; one which foretells success in whatever enterprise you have set your heart on. But if you dream that you, yourself, are an actor, or actress, much hard work and many obstacles are before you; all of which obstacles, however, you will overcome by persistent effort. Women are advised not to dream that they are to marry an actor for if they do their pet ambition will not be realized.

As to how a man should treat an actress whom he meets in the realm of dreams the mystics are not agreed. Some say that if you dream that you make love to an actress all your future life will be joyful; while others declare that for a single man to dream this signifies that he is going to have a "lover's quarrel" with his sweetheart, and for a married man that he is in for a row with his wife. Accepting the latter interpretation dream life and actual life would seem, in this respect, to be closely akin.

Freud's dictum that every dream is the fulfillment of a wish is easy enough to accept with regard to this dream; for all of us have, at some time, wished to meet actors and actresses and converse with them. But it is not so easy to follow him in his theory that this conscious wish of the day would not have excited the dream had it not met with an unconscious wish which reinforced it, and that unconscious wish an infantile one. He says: "It may seem that the conscious wish alone has been realized in a dream, but a slight peculiarity in the formation of the dream will put us on the track of the powerful helper from the unconscious." His theory is that all infantile wishes are indestructible in the "unconscious;" always active and ready for expression whenever they find an opportunity to unite themselves with an emotion from conscious life, and they transfer their greater intensity to the lesser intensity of the latter, that in every dream some indestructible infantile wish is the dominating force. Of all Freud's theories this one has attracted the widest attention and discussion.

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Economy is of itself a great revenue.—Cicero.

AN INSINUATION.

Miss Awkward Foote: What do you find the most difficult task in teaching persons to dance?

Dancing Instructor: "Keeping them off my feet!

Dried shark fins are highly prized by orientals as articles of food.

This office is the place to have it done